



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

tain width of view his pupil always shows that he remembers the lesson. His "Ethel," in the Philadelphia Artists' Exhibition of 1881, was a lovely and graceful creation, superior to the portraits by Sargent hung at the same time in the Academy exhibition of that city.

With the crayon, Beckwith simply luxuriates. His hand is inimitably supple, firm and graceful in manipulating this implement. Whether sketching from an old master in a Venetian church, or picking up a graceful form or posture from the street, he draws with fine sweep and an unfailing sentiment of grace.

EDWARD STRAHAN.

BOSTON CORRESPONDENCE.

THE talk in Boston during the week I write this is of the Alvin Adams collection, which has been on exhibition for several days, and which will have been disposed of long before this will appear in print. "The talk in Boston," I say, and yet the talk is confined mostly to the class composed of those who look at art with uncultured eyes rather than with those which have been trained to criticise and discriminate. There is little, it may be judged from this, that is of true merit, and hence of lasting interest, in Mr. Adams's collection. The late veteran expressman liked pictures, and bought what he liked—and understood. Hence a critic or a connoisseur going through this collection will not find many agreeable stopping-places in front of pictures, and but few oases in the dull desert of commonplace canvases. Two Bierstadts cover a tremendous wall space, and are good examples of a literal phase of topographical, geographical art. The earlier of the canvases is the less theatrical of the two, and hence the better. The other, in a pool in the foreground, say half a mile from the spectator, shows a little fish of the minnow species caught at a moment's rest in the shallow water. I have no doubt, with a good pair of opera-glasses, the little fellow's eyes could be discovered. Shades of the ghostly impressionists, who shall decry your efforts after this!

There is a "Yosemite" by Thomas Hill, bearing date 1871, that indicates an approach toward the methods and the ideas shown in his Centennial "Yosemite," and hence is better than his previous California work, though his later pictures are better still. The peculiar lack of this exhibition is in living ideas and motives in sympathy with the day. There are few pictures that have any real value to-day, and fewer still that will have any a quarter of a century hence. Many of the studies in figure and costume look vulgar and commonplace rather than quaint and interesting. The painter who is an artist invests his picture with such an individuality and such an excuse for being, that it is a picture of the time for all time; but the one who lacks

the genuine inspiration of art gives us the phase of his time that is not vitalized, and hence seems warped and puny. Seldom have I seen this idea more decidedly illustrated than in this collection, which the late owner gathered inside of the generation that is now in middle life, and which in its strained, old-fashioned look is painful in view of this fact, and shows how shortlived even fair art is. Only the true virile art, with thought for its inspiration, and feeling for its handmaid, can hope for life beyond its own generation. Even the best painters are represented by their poorest works—those with a cheap touch and a glamour of the chromo idea, if it be proper to look inversely for illustration. It shows how much bad art is afloat, and how clever salesmen can induce people with more enthusiasm and crude love for the beautiful than culture and fine art education to exchange their easily earned money for easily painted pictures. And yet I would not say that there were no

gallery, by Alice M. Curtis, who was one of the late W. M. Hunt's pupils—almost the only one with any distinct individuality—and who shows that master's teachings in their best form, with ideas of her own as well. She calls her work "Sketches and Studies," and at once disarms criticism, because this is precisely what they are, with approaches to elaborate pictures here and there that show what may be considered among the possibilities and even probabilities of her future. For a young woman who is feeling her way in the world, they are remarkable; and that their sale may enable her to continue her studies until some results more like pictures are produced is almost an assured fact. She has ideas, and for some time yet art needs ideas more than elaboration, which is bad when the foundation has not been laid intelligently and consistently.

I have discovered ideas also in a collection of pictures shown at A. A. Childs & Company's, though in too many of them good color and decided handling are lacking. The painter is a young man named Fred Gary, who is a native of Iowa, and who has painted in that State and in and about Chicago. What he wants is study in that branch of the French landscape school represented by Daubigny in subject and Corot in treatment. What I mean is that he must study the ideas that Daubigny advances in simplicity of composition, though avoiding any attempt to ape that artist's strength, which at present would be quite impossible to attain. From this, the Corot part of my reference will be understood, especially when I say that his subjects are prairie bits mostly, at least those that are good for anything are. All of our painters go trooping across the Western prairies, never halting till they come to a mountain, when they pause in awe. First Bierstadt did it, then Thomas Hill, then William Keith, then—all of them. As a consequence, there is a vast expanse of country that is looked upon as a desert by popular superstition, encouraged by the painters, who are looking for something striking, and fail to see the simple beauty at their feet. Mr. Gary has



SKETCH BY J. CARROLL BECKWITH.

good pictures in the collection. There were good ones, but no great ones—not even one that I discovered. And yet I shall not be surprised to see follow this letter in a few days reports of great prices paid for examples. Mr. Adams began this collection when it was looked upon in Boston as almost a sinful waste of money to buy pictures, when theatres were closed by law on Saturday nights, and when consequently there was a great deal of narrowness and ignorance all about. Turning from examples of the constrained and pretentious in art to a style that ignores all idea of finish, and deals with the impressional and sketchy with a little of hardness and stiffness, perhaps resulting from a too severe but natural reaction, let us look for a moment at a collection of about thirty sketches and studies in Eastman Chase's

seen this, and attempted to paint it, in several of the pictures with sufficient success to show that it can be done. Study and determination on Mr. Gary's part will doubtless show that he possesses ideas and the ability to make them manifest. At least it looks that way to me now.

I have stepped into Doll & Richards's gallery over and over again to see a portrait-picture (no other word will describe it) by George Fuller. It represents a young miss, bare-headed, with hair of a modest brown combed simply down and back, with no "smart" "frizzes," with a yellowish gown, finished with lace at the neck, and short sleeves, one hand grasping a bunch of "pussy willow" branches, and the other hanging by her side, with a suggestion of movement as

though about to clutch the skirt of the gown. She stands at the base of a little hill which rises gradually through the middle distance, tree-trunks appearing at the brow, through which glimpses of distance are caught. The values are preserved finely, a suggestion of pink on some cloud-banks in sympathy with the blossoms on an apple-tree in the distance, is a bit of beautiful outlying sentiment, and the entire picture is a marvel of the combination of the most intelligent idea with the skill of the painter who knows and feels his art thoroughly and can express that knowledge and feeling with a technique that is so marvellous as to defy the discovery of any indication of its manner or its method. Mr. Fuller is "sui generis" among Boston artists. No one else paints as he does; and yet, singularly enough, in a profession where in his own clique a man is regarded by his inferiors generally as a god, and by those of other cliques as utterly bad, you seldom hear a word against his work even by those who paint in an entirely different manner, which of course means all of them. Mr. Fuller paints character, not faces, in his portraits, though the likeness is there; and in landscape he gives us ideas, poetical ideas, combining the simplicity of Longfellow, the freedom of Bret Harte, and the sweetness of William Morris.

John A. Lowell, who has done so much for art in black and white, and whose beautiful Christmas cards will soon be enlarged upon in scope by his steel engraving of William M. Hunt's great picture of "The Bathers," now makes a display of a number of pictures by Marcus Waterman, a painter who was several years ago identified with the half a dozen congenial spirits grouped about Mr. Hunt, but still continued through it all to preserve his own strong individuality. He now inaugurates Mr. Lowell's "bijou gallery" with a collection that has some remarkable examples of strength in it, and some very decided color, though occasionally of a quality that risks being called crude by the more conservative in its endeavors to indicate and transmit sunlight in wood-interior effects. His studies in the dense forests of Vermont have been followed with enthusiasm, and have resulted in a fair and sometimes more than fair degree of refinement, in addition to great power and individuality. Mr. Waterman is another man with ideas, and with force and determination enough to make them felt. He is one of the rising men here in an exactly opposite direction of merit from that possessed by Mr. Fuller.

George L. Brown exhibits at Noyes & Blakeslee's a view of Venice, at the entrance to the Grand Canal, with some gay-colored boats moored in the immediate foreground, a view of a garden to the right, and a look over the water to the distance and the Church of Santa Maria della Salute embraced in its composition, which has to me but one fault, that of a display of crude, raw color on the covering of the boats in the foreground. This is Mr. Brown's principal, and in fact only great-fault. He insists on doing it to enhance the value of his atmosphere and distance, though it is entirely unnecessary. The foliage in this picture, seen in the garden to the right, is remarkably free from this fault of crude and raw color, the grayish greens being more than usually

fresh, vigorous, and refined. But the atmosphere and poetical distance are Mr. Brown's ideas, and he bends

his atmosphere and the special merit of its refinement and brilliancy.



SKETCH BY J. CARROLL BECKWITH.

everything to their emphasizing and expression, neglecting or falsifying as he may think best. I do not

\$3375, and "Among the Sierras," \$1450. Boldini's "Morning," Dieffenbach's "Unfortunate Meeting," and Meyer von Bremen's "Words of Comfort," brought \$3000 each.

E. M.

HINTS FOR AMATEUR SCENE PAINTERS.

THE materials required for scene painting are whiting, size, powder colors, charcoal, and canvas or calico. The former is much the better and the stronger, but the latter is lighter, and, where not exposed to much wear and tear, is sufficiently strong. It is, however, much more inclined to crease. It must be joined horizontally; four widths are high enough for any amateur stage—twelve feet. If your stage is six yards wide, you would require twenty-four yards, and so on. You must remember that sizing will make the canvas shrink a little. Nail the canvas on to a wall; if you have no available wall sufficiently high you must paint the top half first, rolling the lower half to keep it from being splashed. Then you roll or turn over the top half when finished, raising the lower part into its place. When you have to draw a design piecemeal in this way, it is absolutely necessary to make a sketch of the scene to copy from. You can always find a suitable scene in an art journal or print. Copy it roughly on a larger scale on a sheet of drawing-paper. Divide



SKETCH BY J. CARROLL BECKWITH.

always agree with him, but I do recognize the great merit of his general effects and the beautiful serenity of

this into blocks—the horizontal seams on your canvas serve as a guide; if there are three seams, draw three